THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING.

Oh, it's all very nice for you!

But for me it's a tain of woe.
I'm an article and to view,
For they've stutted and they've c a

That I'm ruined beyond repair. There's a dreadful tin horn, dear me! that has made an enormous tear by punch ng atraight through my knoe.

bd that red woolen dog—his tail Is stuck through a hole in my too; and that sall-boat—I hope "twon"t sall-lins burst through my scam, ... know, nd that jumping jack—I can feet Where he's made a rip in my leg; ad that popgua's gone through my heel, And I'm alipping off from my peg.

and the fire—I'm hung so near— Has melted that camiy cane, and I'm all stuck up. Oh, dear! I'm a total wreck, it is plain.

And the worst of it is, you see,
That to-morrow I shall depart,
With a very mused company,
In the depths of a rag-man's cart!
—Kmms A. Opper.

CROSS PURPOSES;

Or, The Widow Mack's Disappoint ment-A New Year's Story.



Off. almost three years black-eyed Widow Mack. Dr. Faulliaks's housek eeper, had ruled with a rod of from But the Doctor, who was a single mand of thirty odd, peace-low was a single was a singl

her head; "ordering me out of her study'er just because I said her goings on with your never, Paul Blake, was scandalous! Things have come to a pretty pass in this house, I think!"

Dr. Blake grouned in spirit as Mrs. fack slammed the door behind her.

"Why can's she let Doris alone," he mutered, and whon he said "Doris" it was with the peculiarity tender inflection. But that, or haps, was because of the semi-parental elation in which he pretended to stand oward her.

ward ber. Dr. Blake communed with himself for a Dr. Blake communed with himself for a noment or two and then, laying aside the next pamphlet, rose and regarded himself urlously in the glass over the mantel "vours nothing but an old fool, Paul slake," he said, turning abruptly away, Yet he earnest, scholarly face and dark inscrut-ble eyes which had returned his brief hance were by no means deserving of such scathing remark. But in comparison with is nephew Paul Blake, the doctor regarded inself se a modern Methuselah.

timself as a modern Methuselah.

Doris Vane's "sindy'er" was a rather coxy
interior formed by parting a portion of the
stile proper with some faded chintz curtains rummaged out from the big codarwood cheet in the corner. One of the hangings was pushed back for a better side light,
and Dr. Blake, who had soughs the attic
with a view of reconciling Doris and Mrs.
Mack, stood still at the head of the stairs
regarding the chintz-framed picture before
him.

Under the sky-light in the roof was an casel supporting a parity-finished portrait in oil Before it, holding palette and manl-stick in rest, stood pretty Doria, the



praceful outlines of whose figure even the agly blue bottomed blouse reaching to her set could not hide.

lining at case in an old arm-chair near Reclining at ease in an old arm-chair near the little air-tight stove which served to warm the interior, was Paul Blake, the doctor's good-looking artist nephew, twiring an unlighted eigarctic between his slim white fingers.

wide-mouthed chimney.

Bob, the office key, stood in a back-ground of shadow awaiting the Doctor's commands for the morrow, vaguely wondering what had come over his usually genial employer of late.

ig an unique.

before Doctor Risks could step forward o announce his presence, Paul spoke—evidently apropes of some thing under discus-

'k's no use talking Doris," he said, some-at perulantly. "If uncle Paul won't give

sion.

"R's no use talking Doris," he said, somewhat petulantly. "If uncle Paul won't give his consent to our marriage, as you seem to think, why we must do without it, that all."

Doctor Blake turned very pale as he heard these words not intended for his ear. But pulling himself together with an effort, he stepped forward.

At his unexpected appearance Doris gave a sodden start and, ortmsoning to her fair temple, threw a cloth over the portrait. But not before Doctor Blake had caught a glimpse of his nephew's broad white forehead and expressive eyes.

The Doctor pretending to have heard and seen nothing, greeted Paul with his unual casy courteey. But that usually self-possessed young man, muttering something about a previous engagement, made a hasty exit, leaving the Doctor and his ward alone together.

Bilent and distrait, and utterly unlike the Bilent and distrait, and utterly unlike the selecting, when men see tvisions and dream that curious state between waking and talecting, when men see tvisions and dream the selecting, when men see tvisions and dream the selecting, when men see tvisions and dream the selecting when selecting the men the mouth."

But all unconscious of his behalf, Dr. Blake with in suitability in his behalf, Dr. Blake whith his dream and the blate of the mouth."

But all unconscious of his selecting the mouth."

But all unconscious of his cheir in the mout

happy young girl who was accustomed to greet him with her brightest smile. Doris stood with downcest eyes accumingly intent on studying the colors on her paletta. How his nephew's fragmentary speech had completely upset Dooter Blake—if I may use the homely simile. He had known for some time that Paul had permitently hunted Doris' studie to the sounds of Mrs. Mack, and his own secret unessiness. But that mattern had gone so far he never dreamed.

that matters had gone so far he never dreamed.

Yet being a brave man, Dr. Blake crushed down his rebelitous feelings. He had come on a mission of peace. A little flaces might be advisable, for impulsive Doris was not apt to linen patiently when Mrs. Mack, whom she exceedingly disliked, was the topic. Perhaps he had better begin by mentioning the invitation that morning received and accepted for himself and Doris to eat their New Year's dinner with the Marstona. Thus he could lead up to the topic desired by slow degrees.

"I suppose Doria," said the Doctor, breaking an awkward silence, "that—e'r.—Bra Mack has told you we are engaged.—"
"She has just given me to understand so—yea," coldly interrupted Doris.
This was not encouraging. He would best about the bush no longer but mention his errand at once.
"As you know. Doris" seein becam Dr.

stamped her small foot with considerable energy:
"I am nothing but a young tool," she "I am nothing but a young tool," she said, with an unconscious echo of a similar admission on Dr. Blake's part a little before. The adjectives only being changed. Bemoving the cloth from the partly-completed portrait, Doris seized her palette and with the ghost of a tender smile on her quivering lips fell to painting with nervous hase.

"I must finish it before New Year's," she said to herself. And resolutely crowding down her emotions, Doris worked steadily till dinner time.

To her relief Dr. Blake was absent making his professional round. Mrs. Mack

to her relief Dr. Blake was absent making his professional round. Mra. Hack glanced at the traces of recent tears on Doris' pale cheek with ill-concealed triumph as the young girl, bending over her plate, made a pretense of eating.

"The Doctor says you're thinking of leaving as weekly was bed when he will be a support of the procession of the processi

ing ua," smoothly remarked the widow, after vainly waiting for Doris to break the

varinty waiting for Boris to treak the silence.

"Yes," was the coldly monosyllable reply. "Well, may be it's for the best," responded firs, liack, steadily eyeing her shrinking victins, "for naturally you don't feel like being beholden to any one longer'n you can help, though as Paul—I mean the Doctor—says he didn't mind the extra expense while he was single with only himself to care for. But now, why.—"

Here Mrs. Mack checked hemself and coyly dropped her eyes to the table cloth, a corner

Dr. Blake, thoroughly tired out by an un-usually hard day's work, was sitting in his office thermy looking absently into the open fire-place where the fismes were dancing a weird measure in fantastic time to the voice of the winter, wind in the old-fashioned, wide-monthed chimney.

of late.
"May be it's as folks says—that Mis'
Mack's bound to marry him whether he's Mack's bound to marry him whether he's willin' or not," sollioquized Bob: "and if he's afea'rd of that, I don't wonder he's down in

what is going on about them.

If a Black sighed softly and drew a little mearer. In the subdued glow of the firelight, which, so to speak, toned down the languages of her facial centor, the widow was looking at her best, and Dr. Blake glanced upward at her with something like friendly admiration, vaguely thinking that his housekeep: was by no means a bad looking woman.

Something in Dr. Blake's voice and manner caused the fossil remains of an organ like Mack was pleased to designate as her beart, to give a dull throb. She had read of macculine hearts caught at the rebound. By this time Dr. Blake knew that his case was hopeless with the chit of a girl he had been temporarily infatuated. Should she strike while the iron was hot?

"When Miss Doris and your nephew are married, you and I Doctor will be left quite alone?" said Mira Mack, with a tender look, which was entirely lost on the Doctor, who had subsided into his waking alumber. As in a vision he again saw Doris' deep eyes looking into his own with the strange intensity which once before had thrilled him through and through And, extending his arma, Dr. Blake said, aloud:

"My darling—come."

Mra Mack saw no vision. The outstretobed arms were a joyful reality. So also was the tender invitation; and without an instant of delay she literally fell on the Doctor's neck, about which her arms clasped themselves with considerable tenacity.

"P-Paul," she sobbed, hysterically, "now I shall never leave you—never!" and clung the tighter to the scarcely awakened doctor as Bob, thinking matters had gone quite far enough, suddenly turned up the gas!

No x Doris had chosen that evening to tell her guardian of her future plans. Perhapa, too, she might iearn from his own lips that there was some mistake as to his matrimonial intentions.

Her foot was on the library threshold as Bob threw the glow of gaslight on the interesting tableau! I have just mentioned.



" NOT MISS DORIS, BUT MEA BLAKE "

And costing one giance thereat, Doris field up-stairs to her room. But had sne lingered a moment, Doris would have heard Dr. Blake utter something akin to mid profamity, and seen him rise to his feet so enddenly as to nearly precipitate the clinging widow over a hassock!

"Mrs. Mack!" he sternly exclaimed, but the lady forethly overcup by a sense of mid-

lady, forcibly overcome by a sense of maid-ealy modesty, had fied. "And Miss Doris see it all!" said Bob, in "And Miss Doris see it all!" said Bob, in audible soliloquy, as he stood staring in a dazed sort of way at the open door.
"Go to bed, Bob," abarply commanded Dr. Blake, in great perturbation of spirit. What could he have said or done in his dreamy abstraction that Mrs. Mack, who was the pink of propriety, should have thrown herself into his arms? Good Heavens, what a terrible situation! Come what might he would see Doris the first thing in the morning and explain it.

undertone, the moment Dr. Blake had closed the door behind him: "there's things that's got to be said, whether you think I'm a interforin' with what's none of my biz-ness or not. Fust and foremost, you've let his Mack drive Miss Doris away from the hous: —

no home here any longer, now that you was goin' to thurry Era Each? But I've writ a note that'il explain it all, 'she says,' and Doctor Blake! Il and it under his place in the morateg..."
"Doctor Blake did not writ for further expanations. Ten minutes later he had left the house, caught the 9:15 express for Portized, and reached there by 11 a.m.

Portised, and reached there by 11 a m.

Dressed in her beet, Mrs. Mack ast in the parior New Year's night impatiently awaiting Dr. Blake's coming. She knew that he had been invited to dise out, and his prolonged absence did not surprise her. So absorbed was Mrs. Mack in a pleasant day dream that she did not notice the arrival and departure of a hack which had deposited a gentleman was Dr. Blake was evident by the fact that he let himself and his companion in with a night key. Who the lady might be is probably apparent to the dullest comprehension.

Built taken up with her castle building the widow, blissfully unconscious of impending ruin, turned her head languidly as the door opened.

"Dr. Blake—and Mrs. Doria."

This was the startled exciamation which fell from the widow's lips as she sprang to her feet.

"Not Miss Doria, but Mrs. Blake," said the doctor, with freezing politeness. "We were married in Portland this afternoop. Aud"—

Here Mn Mack checked heme'f and coyly of copped her eyes to the table cloth, a corner of which she was platting between her of which she was platting between her singers in seeming confusion.

"Neather Dr. Blake or yourself need fear being burdened with me much longer," replied Doria, with quict soom. And as she rose and lett the room, Mrs. Mack amiled unpleasantly.

"One of us will leave, tut it won't be Althew Mack," she remarked, in triumphant confidence, to herself. But this remains to be seen.

Slowly the old year dragged his lagging footsters toward the portal where the New Year child stood impatiently awaiting the departure of his nearly worn-out predecessor. Doris, cold and silent, saw but titled of her guardian, who, far graver and more pre-occupied than was his wont, silently noted the frequent comings and goings of his nephew, who as far as possible seemed to shr.nx from an interview.

Dr. Blake waited from day to day with a vain hope that Doris might come to him with her confidence as in other days. But the young girl painted steadily at the unfinished portrait for which—according to Mrs. Mack—his nephew Paul was "settin," and Dr. Blake waited from day to day with a vain hope that Doris might come to him with her confidence as in other days. But the young girl painted steadily at the unfinished portrait for which—according to Mrs. Mack—his nephew Paul was "settin," and Dr. Blake waited from day to day with a vain hope that Doris might come to him with her confidence as in other days. But the following the fact that the had nerved himself up to the fullilinent of some important duty, ready the fact of the consequences.

But was the last evening of the old year. But will be consequences.

But was the last evening of the old year. But will be consequences.

But was the last evening of the old year. But will be reported where he had heard.

But was the last evening of the old year be defined to the predeceded to the consequences.

But was the last evening of the old year be defined to the predeced to th

When a woman has a new pair of shoes sent home she preforms altegether differ-ent from a man. She never shows her toes into them and yanks and hauls until she is modertone, the moment Dr. Blake had closed the door behind him; "there's think" got to be said, whether you think I'm a interferin' with what's none of my bizness or not. Fust and foremost, you've let had a like Mack drive Miss Doris away from the hous:

"Nothing of the sort, Bob," sharply interruded Dr. Blake "Miss Doris has—has run off with my nephew, Paul, to be man' routed Dr. Blake. "Miss Doris has—has run off with my nephew, Paul, to be man' routed Dr. Blake. "Miss Doris has—has run off with my nephew, Paul, to be man' loped with Judge Haynes' dangheter, which the said couly returned Bob, who was nothing if mot blum spoken. "Mr. Paul's been an' loped with Judge Haynes' dangheter, which with great inward gusto, went on:

"Be linke fell mto the nearest chair and sat staring speechlessly at Bob, who with great inward gusto, went on:

"Seems he told Miss Doris all about it, and she tried to get him off the notion, but twam't no use. So he'n Miss Haynes has gone off to Bostom to get married, and Miss Doris she's look a offer for to teach musto and drawin' in the Presbylerian Institute."

"How do you know all this, Bob?" bosmely damanded Doctor Blake, feeling as though every thing was alipping from a man be got me to hang your picter in your bed-room on the sty, and she crying the best was a breaking?" boldly returned Bob; "and didn't she say she hada't by these presents.—Kees Tolgy-sph.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

on Lost Sight of in Worrying Ov

Rev. T. DeWitt Taimage took for the subject of a recent sermon in the Brooklyn Tabernacie: "Too Much Aio About Small Things," preaching from the fol-

lowing text:
Ye blind guides, which strain at a guat, and swallow a camel.—Matthew axill., 24.

dream that she did not notice the arrival and departure of a hack which had deposited a gentleman and lady at the doc. That the gentleman was De. Blake was evident by the fact that he let himself and his companion in with a night key. Who the lady might be is probably apparent to the dullest comprehension.

Buill taken up with her castle building the widow, bliasfully unconacions of time pending ruit, turned her head languidly as the door opened.

"Dr. Blake—and Mus Durk"

"Dr. Blake—and Mus Condenses and the state of the state of the server of the search of the s

SECRETARY THOMSON.

The Talented Gentleman Who Took the Minutes of the First Congress.

John Adams records in his dairy, on the day after his arrival in Philadelphia as a delugate to the First Continental Congress:

"Called at Mr. Miffin's agrand, apacious and elegant house. There we had much conversation with Mr. Charles Thomson, who is the Sam Adamsof Philadelphia, the life of the came of liberty.

Six days later, the delegates marched to Carpenter's Hall, in-specied it, agreed that it should serve the purpose, and belied themselves to seats. Peyton Randelph, of Virginia, was unanimously elected President, and Charles Thomson, Secretary.

Thomson was not present, for he was not a de egate; and the Doorkeeper was sent to find him and to say that the Congress desired his immediate attendance. After the Congress had got through the routine of organization, the Doorkeeper returned, escorting Mr. Thomson, who, walking up the asise, stopped in front of the President and and, with a bow. "Mr. President, I await your pleasure."

"Congress desires the favor of you, sir, by take their minutes," replied President Randelph.

With a bow Mr. Thomson signified his acquies cene, and without a word took his sect and direct proceedings of that famous, practical and sober-minded assemblage of lawyers, politicians and men of business. This modest and quiet beginning was an earnest of the valuable services which, for differen years, Mr. Thomson rendered to the Congress of the Confederation.

He was by birth an Irishman, but had left his sative land when only eleven years of age. By education he become ascholar and and as a translation of that Greek version of the Oid Testament which is known as the Septuagint, which was published in four volumes in 1808.—Fouth's Companion.

THE YULE LOG.

abstraction that Mrs Mack, who was the pink of propriety, should have thrown herself into his arms? Good Heavens, what a terrifile situation? Come what might he would see Doris the first thigh in the morning and explain it.

Blake opened his heavy eyes on New Year, morn, they rested at once on a framed portant handle with the opposite wall. Where had it come from. Who was it intended for?

For a closer view showed the Doctor that the general contour of the features were his the general contour of the features were his heart of the Consensus. The like one between himself and his nephew Paul had often been commented on. This picture might have been Paul with twenty years added to his age, or himself with the multi-round the meanurant of the content of the features were himself and his nephew Paul had often been commented on. This picture might have been Paul with twenty years added to his age, or himself with the multi-round the meanurant of the content of the features were himself and his nephew Paul had often been commented on. This picture might have been Paul with twenty years added to his age, or himself with the multi-round the way of the picture might have been Paul with twenty years added to his age, or himself with the multi-round the way of the picture might have been paul with twenty years added to his age, or himself with the multi-round the way of the picture might have been paul with twenty years added to his age, or himself with the multi-round the way of the picture might have been paul with twenty years added to his age, or himself with the multi-round the way of the picture might have been paul with twenty years added to his age, or himself with the multi-round the way of the picture might have been paul with twenty years added to his age, or himself with the multi-round the way of the picture might have been paul with twenty years added to his age, or himself with the multi-round the way of the picture might have been paul with twenty years added to his age, or himself with the multi-round the

and dace, or from pivvical infamily, or from long watching with the sick, drown loss will sometimes overpower one; but the seed of the see

smile it nometimes just an ancread at a think a little more, in a spring smersing than in a startes midulght. Balignon that the continuents and an adverted to the continuents and the continuents a

There is a great deal of uneasiness and nervousness now among some people in our time who have gotten unrighteous fortunes—a great deal of nervousness about dynamite. I tell thom that God will put noder their unrighteous fortunes something more explosive than dynamite—the earthquake of his omainotent indication. It is time that we learn in America that sin is not excusable in proportion as it declares large dividuals and has outriders in equipage. Many a man is riting to per lition, postilion ahead and lackey behind. To steal one copy of a newspaper is a gant; to steal many thousands of dollars is a camel. There is many a fruit dealer who would not consult to steal a basket of peaches from a neighbar's stall; but who would not consult to depress the fruit market; and as long as I can remember we have heard every summer "the peach crop of Maryland is a failure," and by the time the crop comes in the misropresentation makes a difference of millions of dollars. A man who would not steal one peach basket steals fifty thousand peach baskets. Go down in the summer time to the Mercantile Library, in the reading rooms, and see the newspaper reports of the crops from all parts of the

peach baskets. Go down in the summer to time to the Mercantile Library, in the reading rooms, and see the newspaper reports of the crops from all parts of the country, and their phraseology is very much the same, and the same men wrote them, methodically and infamously carrying out the huge lying about the grain crop from year to year and for a score of years. After awhile there will be a "crop from year to year and for a score of years. After awhile there will be a "crop from year to year and for a score of years. After awhile the wheat market, and men who had a contempt for a petty theft will burglarizy the wheat bin of a nation and corn-crib. And some of the men will burglarizy the wheat bin of a nation and corn-crib. And some of the men will burglarizy the wheat bin of a nation and corn-crib. And some of the men will sit it churches and in reformatory institutions trying to strain out the small gnats of secondrelism, while in their grain elevators and their storehouses they are fattening huge camela which they expect after awhile to awallow. Society has to be entirely reconstructed on this subject. We are to find the country, in the weath of the same woods on family is a very large, long and beavy single barried gurner is used. It is of such large dimensions for a shoulder-plece that it strikes one of the sons of Anak. The following ment is looks as though it were made for one of the sons of Anak. The following ment is looks as though it were made for one of the sons of Anak. The following ment is looks as though it were made for one of the sons of Anak. The following ment is looks as though it were made for one of the sons of Anak. The following ment is looks as though it were made for one of the sons of Anak. The following ment is looks as though it were made for one of the sons of Anak. The following ment is looks as though it were made for one of the sons of Anak. The following ment is looks as though it were made for one of the sons of Anak. The following ment is looked as though it were made for one o

and then take them into this holy war.

It is a very short bridge between a smile and a tear, a suspension bridge from eye to lip, and it is soon crossed over, and a day made statements which seemed to

AN HISTORIC GUN.

The Interesting Story of Heroiam Told by

a Precious Relic.

The following inscription is written on
the back of a looking gass now in the porsession of the Woodson family, near Prospect, Prince Edward County, Va.:

"This belonged to Stephen Tariton, who was